



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, SUMMARY, POETRY, &C.

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NO. 10.

SELECT TALES.

The Brazilian Bride.

BY THE HON. MRS. ERKSKINE NORTON.

[Concluded.]

MR. MORDAUNT had accepted the pressing invitation of Alonzo to accompany him to Brazil: their passage was taken and their preparations well forward. Alonzo paid his farewell visits, and did all that was necessary on the occasion, with the most perfect composure.

A passage was also taken for Viola and her suite in the Lisbon Packet, and the day was fixed for her leaving town for Falmouth. The day following was decided on by Alonzo for the same purpose, but this he managed to conceal from her.

The morning before her departure, he called on the Countess. 'You are come to take leave of Donna Viola,' said her ladyship.

'No, I am not, I am come to take leave of you, (for I also am on the eve of quitting London,) and to thank you for all your kind attention.'

'But why not of Viola?' said the Countess; 'she will be so disappointed.'

'It is better I should not.'

'But what am I to say to her?' inquired she.

'Precisely what I have just said,—that it is better I should not.'

The Countess returned no reply; and with all good wishes on each side, they parted.

The weather was beautiful, and Mr. Mordaunt appeared to enjoy his journey exceedingly; but Alonzo was absorbed in thought, and it was only now and then, when Mr. Mordaunt touched upon his approaching meeting with his father and his old Rio friends, that Alonzo could be roused for a moment. At the inns too he occasionally heard something that attracted his silent attention, of the beautiful young foreigner who had passed the day before.

They arrived at Falmouth in the morning to breakfast. With a beating heart, Alonzo inquired concerning the foreign lady and the Lisbon packet: the lady had gone on board the evening before, and the Lisbon and Rio

packets were to sail early on the following morning.

After breakfast, the two gentlemen were engaged superintending the embarkation of their servants and baggage, and having taken an early dinner, went on board.

It was a lovely evening. Alonzo glanced at the merry and busy town of Falmouth, the numerous vessels, and the broad Atlantic, which lay stretched out before him: then his eye fixed, as though there were nothing else worth looking at, on the small vessel that lay nearest to him. He suddenly left his station, descended into a boat, and was in a few minutes on board.

In the outer cabin he met the duenna, who looked very much surprised at seeing him: but without speaking, threw open the door of the after cabin:—he entered, and the door closed behind him.

Viola lay on a couch, apparently absorbed in reading: the noise startled her, and she looked up; but nothing can express the astonishment painted on her countenance at the sight of Alonzo, who stood fixed as a statue before her. She sprang from the couch, and evidently her first feeling was to run towards him, but probably the strangeness of his look and demeanor arrested her; for she checked herself, and exclaimed, 'Don Alonzo!'

'Viola!' said he, seizing both her hands, and gently forcing her to return to the seat she had left: 'Viola!' (the word seemed to choke him,) 'I cannot live without you—you are yet free, have pity on me!'

'Alonzo,' she asked, in a tremulous voice, 'are you free?'

'I am not irrevocably bound.'

In a moment she seemed to recover her self-possession, and replied, 'Then I must tell you, that I am. You are laboring under a fatal error; you think I am but engaged—I am married.—But stay!' she exclaimed, alarmed at the effect of her communication,— 'stay!—one moment!—Alonzo!—I beseech you!'

It was in vain; he almost shook her off, rushed to his boat, and in a few minutes was

on board of his own vessel: he pushed by Mr. Mordaunt, and every body and every thing that impeded his way to his cabin, where locking the door, he threw himself on his bed, in a state of mind not to be described.

Mr. Mordaunt took possession of the boat Alonzo had quitted, went on board the Lisbon packet, and had an interview with Donna Viola.

At day-break the following morning, Alonzo, wrapped in a cloak, and his hat slouched over his brow, stood on the deck, watching with gloomy composure the Lisbon packet getting under weigh: she soon began to move,—a few minutes more, and she was dashing through the water close beside him. Desperate thoughts for an instant darkened his mind; a feeling of revenge and despair, beset him, and he felt a strong temptation to plunge into the wake of the flying vessel,—when one of the latticed windows of the after-cabin was suddenly thrown open; he saw a waving handkerchief, and then the form of Viola herself, her eyes streaming with tears, kissing both her hands, and waving them to him. He had just time to return the salutation: his dark purpose vanished, the weakness of his mother came over him, and he wept; 'She loves me!'—that thought alone, single and abstracted, brought back the blood in a rush of transport to his heart: 'She loves me!—and nobly sets me the example of a virtuous submission to our fate!'

A friendly hand at that moment was laid on his; Mr. Mordaunt drew him to his cabin. 'Alonzo,' he said, 'I have been sadly to blame,—I ought to have foreseen and guarded against all this. Donna Viola, whom I saw last evening, bade me give you this note,' putting one into his hand.

Alonzo tore it open. 'Alonzo, I conjure you, for the sake of your father—for my sake—struggle against your fatal and hopeless passion! We shall very soon meet again,—let us meet in peace, in innocence, and friendship! Heaven bless you, and heaven forgive us both, for we have been much to blame! Viola.'

Viola was very inexperienced, and Mr.

Mordaunt knew very little about love, otherwise Alonzo had never received this note, which only added fuel to the flame: he kept it next his heart, and read it every day during the passage. He questioned Mr. Mordaunt closely concerning his interview with Viola the preceding evening, and especially inquired whether he could give him any information concerning her husband. 'I am told,' he said, 'that he is a man of high rank, very rich, old, and infirm. He has married the orphan daughter of his friend, merely as a safeguard to her and her property in these dangerous times.' At this intelligence, Alonzo's heart bounded with secret joy: he became comparatively tranquil, but he would not analyze his feelings—he dared not.

A few weeks brought them to Rio. On entering its superb harbor Mr. Mordaunt was struck with admiration at the magnificent and beautiful scenery that surrounded him; but to the heart of Alonzo it spoke yet more feelingly, entwined as it was with all his dear and early associations. He could have kissed the black and barren rock of the Sugar-loaf: it was passed, and threw open the graceful sweep of the Bay of Botafogo, surrounded with its wooded and lofty mountains: this too was passed, and the harbor of Rio appeared. Great political changes had taken place, and the imperial flag waved upon every fort and hill. The visiting boat approached, and by the side of the officer sat Alonzo's watchful and expecting father, who in a few minutes more was locked in the arms of his son. On their landing, friends crowded round them: in the afternoon they visited the good, kind Abbess; and the evening was employed in renewing Alonzo's recollections of his young female friends, most of whom had now become wives and mothers; and those whom he had known as children had started up into young women, a process remarkably rapid in that country. He was pleased to observe the vast improvement that, even during the short period of his absence, had taken place at Rio, as far as concerned the comforts and refinements of domestic life. On the following morning he was presented at court:—in short, for two or three days he had not leisure even to look melancholy.

But one morning after breakfast, (a time universally agreed upon for making disagreeable communications,) his father informed him that in about a month, Donna Isabella might be expected with her father and aunt. 'I have taken a temporary residence for you, which I think you will like, at Botafogo—(I say *temporary*, for you will soon be offered, what you most desire, a diplomatic mission to Europe;) and the furnishing and arranging this residence has been my hobby for the last six months. If

you and Mr. Mordaunt have no objection, we will ride to see it this afternoon.' 'If you please, sir,' was the only reply; and, accordingly, at the appointed time they set out. The house and situation were both delightful; the furniture tasteful and costly. The apartment peculiarly appropriated to Donna Isabella, and called her garden-room, opened into a delicious parterre; it contained tables for needle-work and drawing, book-cases filled with a choice collection in English, French, and Italian: there were also a piano, harp, and guitar.

'Is Donna Isabella such a proficient in music?' asked Alonzo with a sarcastic smile. 'She is, I believe, very fond of it,' quietly replied the Marquess. Alonzo, with much warmth and sincerity, thanked his father for the kind pains he had taken; then sighed, and thought how happy he could be here with—certainly not with Donna Isabella.

After the first novelty of his arrival had worn off, Alonzo relapsed into sadness; a settled gloom was gathering on his youthful brow, a sickening indifference to all around was gradually stealing over him. His father and Mr. Mordaunt did all they could to arouse and distract his attention. Excursions into the country were frequently made, especially to the botanical garden about six miles from the city. It is arranged with exquisite order and good taste, encircled by bold and rugged mountain-scenery, opening towards the ocean,—reposing in all its richness of floral beauty, with its shady and stately trees, its leafy bowers and gushing streams, like a gem in the wilderness,—like the decked and lovely bride of a dark-browed warrior in those stern days of 'auld lang syne,' of which one loves to dream in spots like these. Water-parties to the many beautiful islands,—society and study,—were all tried in vain: every day, every hour, seemed to increase the despondency of Alonzo; but he never complained, never even touched in any way upon the subject that caused it. Upwards of three weeks passed in this manner.

Alonzo was fond of the society of the Abbess; with the unerring tact of her sex, she managed his present mood; she would sit opposite to him, employed at her old-fashioned embroidery frame, for an hour without speaking: this was just what he liked. One afternoon he had ensconced himself in his accustomed seat in her little grated parlor: he scarcely observed her entrance, but instead of seating herself at her frame, she stepped towards him.

'Alonzo, I am glad you have come, for I was just going to send for you.'

'To send for me?' repeated he listlessly.

'Yes, a friend of yours has arrived at the convent, and wishes to see you.'

'A friend of mine!'

'You recollect, I suppose, Donna Viola de Montezuma?'

He started from his seat—the shock was electric.

'Viola, did you say!—Donna Viola!—recollect her!—what of her?—what of her?'

'She has become a widow.'

'Go on!'

She arrived at Lisbon just in time to receive the last breath of her expiring husband. After the funeral, she consigned her affairs there into proper hands, and delayed not a moment in returning to this country, where they demand her instant attention. She arrived yesterday, and remains here for a short time. She wishes to see you.'

'I am ready,' said Alonzo.

The Abbess left the room. 'This is too—too much!' he exclaimed aloud, as he paced the little parlor with hurried steps. A slight rustling near the grate arrested him: it was Viola in deep mourning, looking more lovely and interesting than ever. She presented him her hand through the grate—he knelt, and pressed it to his lips, to his heart, to his burning forehead. 'Alonzo,' she said in the kindest and most soothing tone, 'I have heard from the Abbess of your marriage, and fear that I have innocently contributed to render that, which might have proved the highest blessing, a source of bitter misery. What can I do but to entreat you to arm yourself with the resolution of acting right? I confess that your forcing me to lose my esteem for you, would be the greatest pain you could inflict even although your affection for me were the cause. Promise me, Alonzo—'

He hastily interrupted her: 'I will promise nothing—nothing!—Heaven grant that I may do what is right, but, in the present state of my mind, I will pass my word for nothing.'

Viola sighed. 'Well,' she resumed, 'I shall see whether Alonzo be really what I believed him, or not: I shall see whether he be capable of sacrificing the happiness of his young and innocent wife, and of his doating father—his own honor and principles, to the shadow of a shade; for such is all hope of me. Heaven bless you, Alonzo! and support you through this trial! You have my prayers, my best, my warmest wishes: *deserve* to be happy, and leave the rest to Providence.'

She disappeared:—he still remained kneeling at the grate, apparently wrapt in thought: at length a ray of light seemed to break through the darkness that surrounded him; a single spark of hope saved him from utter despair. He decided that in his first interview with Donna Isabella, he would reveal every secret of his heart; he would conjure her, as she valued their mutual happiness, to assist him in breaking the tie that had been

made between them: he would recall to her recollection the fatal hour of their union, when reluctance on his side, and the necessity of absolute force on hers formed but an evil omen of future concord. Since that moment they had never met, had never even corresponded; he had formed elsewhere a deep and serious attachment, and so perhaps had she. As to the debt he had incurred towards her and her family, with a little time and indulgence it would be cleared, as the property in Portugal was on the eve of being restored to his father. Thus, if they acted with determination, and in unison, there could be no doubt of their succeeding in breaking the galling fetters in which the mistaken zeal of their relatives had bound them. 'If,' he exclaimed, 'she be not utterly devoid of the common pride and delicacy of her sex, there is but one step to take:—she will—she must take it—and I shall become free and happy!'

Full of this thought, he left the convent; and, on his return home, sought Mr. Mordaunt, and laid his project before him. Mr. Mordaunt listened with the utmost kindness and sympathy: he saw but one objection to the attempt; if Donna Isabella, in spite of all he could urge, should refuse to enter into his views, how much wider would it make the breach between them! how much would it diminish their chance of happiness! But to this side of the picture, Alonzo absolutely refused to turn; and Mr. Mordaunt, seeing him perfectly resolved, gave up the point, glad, at all events that Alonzo had even this slight support to lean upon until the crisis arrived.

At the top of the Marquess's small and rather inconvenient abode, was a room which, on account of its height and airiness, and the view of the harbor it commanded, the gentleman preferred to breakfast, and to spend the morning in: a spy-glass was fixed here, to which of late the eye of the Marquess had been often and anxiously applied. One morning, about a week after the scene just described, the Marquess seemed more than usually on the alert, watching the approach of a fine Brazilian merchant-ship. 'Is she near the fort?'—'here she comes,'—'she is abreast of it,'—'now for it!' and as he spoke, up flew a private signal. The Marquess clasped his hands, and exclaimed in a half-whisper, to Mr. Mordaunt, 'Thank heaven, there they are at last!' and the two gentlemen instantly left the room.

'Well,' thought Alonzo, 'I am not bound to know that there they are at last, until I am informed of it;' and he tried again to rivet his attention to his study. Three intolerably long hours passed away: a note was then brought to him from the Marquess: 'Donna Isabella, her aunt, and father, have

arrived, and are now at Botafogo. The two ladies are somewhat fatigued, and prefer not receiving you until the evening; therefore between seven and eight Mr. Mordaunt and the carriage will be at your door.'

Alonzo sent away his untouched dinner; he dressed *en grande toilette*; and, taking down Walter Scott's last new novel, strove to fix his attention on its delightful pages. Alonzo had generally the power of exercising great mastery over his mind; to an indifferent observer he would appear rather cold, reserved, and not easily acted upon in any way; but, when his feelings once burst their barrier, it was with a violence proportioned to the restraint he had thrown over them.

At half-past seven, the carriage drew up to the door, and Alonzo immediately descended to it. 'I am glad to see you are quite ready,' said Mr. Mordaunt, as he entered: the door closed; and they drove off.

'You have seen Donna Isabella?' inquired Alonzo.

'Yes, I have,' was the laconic reply, with evidently a wish of saying no more. After a considerable pause, Mr. Mordaunt asked whether he still kept to his purpose.

'Certainly,' said Alonzo firmly—and no further conversation passed.

Half an hour brought them to their destination: with a throbbing heart, Alonzo descended from the carriage. They were shown into the grand *sala*, brilliantly lighted. Here were assembled Senhor Josef and Senhora Theresa, the Marquess, and the Abbess with an attendant nun; the old lady had not left her convent for many years, but on this occasion she was determined to be present.

Alonzo saluted Senhor Josef and his sister, with gravity, but perfect and sincere kindness; he kissed the hand of his aunt; then turning to his father, begged to know where he might find Donna Isabella.

'She waits for you in her garden-room,' replied the Marquess. Alonzo bowed, and left the *sala*.

He struggled successfully to continue the same appearance of composure, as he passed along the corridor which led to the garden-room: the door was ajar; he entered and closed it.

The room was only lighted by a single Grecian lamp, suspended from the centre; the latticed doors leading to the garden were thrown open, and the moon-beams quivered brightly on the rich festoons of flowers and foliage that twined around them. Leaning on the harp near the furthest door, stood a lady magnificently dressed as a bride; one hand hung listlessly at her side, in the other were gathered the folds of her veil, in which her face was buried. Alonzo advanced, and although somewhat prepared for a favorable

alteration, he was struck with astonishment at the exquisitely fine and graceful form that stood before him. 'Donna Isabella, I believe:—no reply, and no change of position. He approached a little nearer, and ventured to take the unoccupied hand, whose slight and delicate fingers were covered with gems, but on the arm was only a single bracelet, and that was of *pink topaz*. 'Donna Isabella, I venture to claim a few minutes' private conversation with you, on a subject that deeply concerns the happiness of us both: permit me to lead you to a seat.' He paused—the emotion that visibly pervaded her whole frame convinced him that at least he was not addressing a statue. Suddenly she raised her head, clasped her hands, and sunk on her knees at his feet. Alonzo recoiled, as though a supernatural appearance had presented itself, while with a tone that thrilled through heart and brain, she exclaimed—

'Alonzo can you forgive me?'—It was Viola!

'Can you forgive me for all the deception I have practised, and caused others to practise? May the prize I strove for—my husband's heart—plead my excuse! I know it will!'

While she spoke, Alonzo in some degree recovered himself. He raised up the beautiful suppliant, and folding her in silence to his breast, kissed her with pure, intense, and devoted affection. He could not speak; he thought not and cared not how it had all been brought about; he only knew and felt that his wife was in his arms, and that *that wife was Viola*.

The party in the drawing-room, to whom the duenna was now added, were in an agony of impatient expectation. The Marquess at length led the way, and they all crept softly along the passage: 'May we come in?'

'Come in,' said Alonzo—the first words he had spoken since the denouement.

Their entrance dispersed, in a great measure, the concentrated feelings of Alonzo, and he became attentive to learn the mechanism by which his present happiness had been effected. It appeared that the prepossession Isabella had conceived for her husband at the altar had produced a striking change on her, as love did on Cymon. Ill health, the absence of the usual means of education at St. Paul's, the ignorance and weak indulgence of those with whom she resided, had allowed weeds to spring up and choke the rich treasures of her mind. However, she accompanied the Marquess from St. Paul's, and was placed by him under the charge of the Abbess, where, in three years, her improvement in health, beauty, and mental attainments astonished all those who observed it. The two years she passed in England, under the most judicious

care, had brought her to that point of perfection to which she had now arrived.

Alonzo had not the slightest recollection of any of her features except her eyes, which on the day of their union had that large size and troubled expression which usually attends ill-health. He could now account for the startling recollection that had passed over him one evening at the chess-board; the look she then gave and that with which she had impressed him on her leaving the oratory, were the same.

'And you my grave and worthy tutor,' said Alonzo, addressing Mr. Mordaunt, 'did you join in this powerful league against me?'

'I confess,' replied Mr. Mordaunt, 'that I was in the service of the enemy; so much so, that on the evening you first met Donna Viola, and were introduced to her at the opera, I knew beforehand that such a meeting and such an introduction would take place. I take this opportunity, however, of hinting, that you may thank your own impetuosity that the discovery was not prematurely advanced on board of the Lisbon Packet; for Donna Viola, terrified at your vehemence, would have revealed the whole truth, could she but have prevailed upon you to stay and hear it.'

'Alas! for my vehemence,' exclaimed Alonzo; and trying to collect his puzzled thoughts, he turned to the Abbess: 'And you too, my dear aunt,—you too, my Lady Abbess! it is well you have the power of absolving yourself for all those little fibs you told me the other day.'

'May Our Lady grant me absolution,' replied the good Abbess devoutly, 'for whatever stain of sin I may have contracted by playing a part in this masque!'

'Supper! supper!' cried out the Marquess, as he marshalled them the way. Alonzo seized his Viola (for thus he ever after named her,) as if he dreaded that some magical delusion would again snatch her from his sight—and never did a set of happier creatures meet than those which now encircle the sumptuous banquet, prepared in honor of this Brazilian Wedding.

BIOGRAPHY.

Miss Sedgwick.

THE subject of the present sketch, as appears by the Farmer's Register of the New England settlers, is descended, on her father's side from Robert Sedgwick, a Major-General in Cromwell's service, who died in the great expedition against the Spanish West Indies.

Her father was the Honorable Theodore Sedgwick of Stockbridge, Massachusetts, who served his country with distinguished reputation in various stations, and particularly

as speaker of the house of Representatives, and as Senator in Congress; and who, at the time of his death, was one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of his state.

Her grandfather by the mother's side was Joseph Dwight, a Brigadier General of the Massachusetts, Provincial forces, and actively engaged in the old French war of 1756.

Miss Sedgwick was born at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, in that beautiful district of country, where the mountains present every variety of beauty, and seem from their nearness to possess and to attract a sort of familiarity not usual in scenery of so much boldness—and where the Housatonic, with its alternately rapid, and scarcely moving, current, winds its way through choked and rocky passages, and beautiful intervals of meadow. Those who have visited these scenes, will, if they have an eye for such things, discern many of the traces of beauty which must have made a deep impression upon Miss Sedgwick's mind, and have constituted an important part of its education. If the traveler should have the good fortune to meet with a guide as intelligent as he, who pointed out to us the paths which our curiosity might otherwise have sought in vain, he may ascend the very rock, carpeted with fresh moss, from which Crazy Bet poured forth her wild snatches of eloquence, half frenzy and half inspiration. He may view 'the sacrifice rock,' where the noble, the sublime, Magawisca rushed between the descending hatchet of her father and the neck of Evelyn—of Evelyn, for whom she felt a sentiment higher and purer than that of love, if such there may be; for we suppose that the thought of being his wife never visited her maiden dreams, and that she was not even conscious of wishing to be beloved by him.

The sequestered places to which we have referred, possess a peculiar and striking beauty even without the aid of those associations with which the genius of Miss Sedgwick has enriched them; but they receive a still higher interest than any which they could borrow from fiction, when they are regarded as having ministered, at a very early period, to that pure enthusiasm and love of nature which her works so often manifest.

We have often thought, when we have seen young ladies at boarding schools, overlaid with accomplishments, and crammed with the lessons of a dozen masters, how much better it would have been if their hearts and minds had been opened almost at their very dawning, to the silent teachings of nature amidst her majestic woods and hills, and the unnumbered beauties of the garden and of the field. The sentiment which is thus inspired has no sickliness. It cannot be

acquired during one or two excursions of pleasure—like its kindred native products, it must take root and spring up under the open sky, and in the pure breath of heaven.

We know scarcely any writer, certainly not any American writer, who has read with a quicker and more discerning eye, with a better taste, or with a purer devotion, than Miss Sedgwick, 'those sermons in stones and trees, and in the running brooks,' whose wisdom and beauty she has so rapidly transferred to her own pages. This is a topic upon which, if time were allowed us, we should be glad to expatiate, for we are strongly inclined to think that the artificial character of society is unfriendly to a heart-felt love of natural beauty—and that in this age of printing, when the press is prolific beyond all example, the incessant inquiry for new books threatens with neglect the great volume of nature.

Our readers must be aware that the license which is allowed us in the sketch of a lady, precludes us from borrowing from memory or asking from friends, any of those details without which that strong individuality which is, or might be engraven on our own minds, could not be transferred to others. Were it no trespass, we should, to the best of our ability, present those charms of conversation and those traits of moral excellence which render Miss Sedgwick's society and character the objects of admiration, and of the most partial attachment to all who enjoy her acquaintance and friendship.

We may be permitted, nevertheless, to speak as we think, of her writings. The first published of her works was the New England Tale. There is a circumstance relating to this work, which, if we have been correctly informed, shows that the public are indebted, not so much to love of literature or distinction, as to accident, for her writings as a novelist. It is quite proverbial that many important events which affect the fortunes of our race, are often independent of any human design, but we are not aware that the annals of literature are often signalized by such occurrences. Be this as it may, the New England Tale, (the fact is vouched by the preface of that charming work,) was originally intended for publication as a religious tract. But it gradually grew beyond the necessary limits of such a design. It was thus extended without any intention of publication, and finished solely to amuse the writer. Such was her distrust of her abilities, and so great her reluctance to appear before the public in a work of this magnitude, that her consent to its publication was finally extorted, rather than given.

The portraiture of religious hypocrisy which that work contained, and which we could wish were less true, brought upon its

author the charge of sectarianism. It is altogether probable that in a work originally intended for the class to which that belongs, Miss Sedgwick could never have allowed the general design and interest to be so much interwoven with topics of a debateable character. The plan of the *New England Tale* did not admit of the variety, the extent, or power of delineation, which her subsequent writings have exhibited; but it contains passages of deep tenderness—descriptions of nature, for example, in the scenery of 'the Mountain Caves,'—and notes of eloquence in the wild songs or rhapsodies of Crazy Bet, which the author has seldom, if ever, surpassed. She seems to have led us to her favorite resorts on the banks of the Housatonic, or the mountain's side—to those haunts which her youthful steps have traced; in those bright days, ere a single shadow had been thrown upon the prospect of life, except to enhance its beauty. And as to the inspirations of Crazy Bet, we confess that, like the communings of Madge Wildfire with 'the lovely Lady Moon,' their united grace and pathos have occasionally affected us quite as much as was becoming the gravity of our years, or the sternness of our sex.

After the *New England Tale*, to use a homely phrase, the ice was broken, and it was not long before *Redwood* was given to the public. The popularity of this work has not been rivaled by any of the author's productions, unless *Hope Leslie* be an exception.

The nature of this notice forbids any thing like a critique upon any of the works under consideration. But we must be permitted to say, that we consider Miss Debby Lennox one of the most original and best delineations throughout, with which we are acquainted. It is perhaps impossible to explain the secrets of that wonderful combination by which a writer of genius brings before us the creatures of his imagination, in such a way that we feel them to be as real existences as any persons in history, or among our acquaintances. Analysis may show us what are the component parts of the character, but it scarcely serves to explain the mystery of its influence upon us, better than a dissection can exhibit the living functions of the human frame, or the secret of its life. There are but very few instances in the whole range of fiction, or at least in so far as we are acquainted with it, in which the character throughout, if we may so say, speaks for himself, and not the author for him; or, in other words, in which every expression and motion seem to be those of a real person. Such a character is not a picture, nor a statue, nor an admirable automaton, nor a personification of any nameable qualities; but an independent, self-existent being, a fellow-creature. Such beings come to be of the number of our

associates or friends. The power of such a creation is among the rarest gifts, if not the very highest endowments of genius. And whatever may be the station of Deborah Lennox in this society, she appears to us to be one of its members, as decidedly as Old Mause, or Cuddy Headrigg, or even Jennie Deans herself. So absolute is her identity to our minds, that we think we should recognize her famous 'lutestring changeable,' even if it were to walk forth without its proprietor.

Redwood was admired abroad, nearly as much as in this country. It was published in England and translated into French, the translation bearing on its title page a claim to favor, which, perhaps, no other American name could have conferred, being announced as 'par M. Cooper, auteur d'une histoire de la nouvelle Angleterre, &c. &c.' The same work soon after appeared in an Italian costume.

We have expressed a doubt whether any other work of Miss Sedgwick ever acquired so much popularity as *Redwood*. We do not profess, however, to be so good judges as the booksellers, on that point. But we may be permitted to declare the judgment of the select few, to which class the polite reader will, of course, understand that we, and all the critics, belong. With all that select corps, we believe, and with ourselves we are sure, *Hope Leslie* stands first, we might almost say, stands alone. We have always imagined, with what truth those who know the author better, will judge, that the fine spirit, the delicacy, the purity, the impulsiveness, the generosity, tenderness, piety, and, if we may be permitted to add, weaknesses, or rather womanishnesses of the heroine of the work, for the most part a transcript of the character of the author. If this were not true, we should admire *Hope Leslie* more than any other creation of the author, but not doubting it, we certainly admire and love her more than any of her sisters, if this relationship may be imputed to all the female descendants of a common parent by literary genealogy.

But even *Hope Leslie* is not without a rival.—*Magawisca* inspires a loftier sentiment. She is full of moral grandeur; but there is a feeling of loneliness accompanying and inseparable, from the elevation of her character, which, while it renders it impossible that any one should be the sharer and arbiter of her fortunes, excludes her, perhaps, in some measure, from the fullness of our sympathy. And it must be acknowledged that the author has rendered herself obnoxious to the charge of having transcended all the limits of probability in the extreme refinement, and we may add, polish of character, which she has given to this representative of an injured race; unless, indeed, the ancient canon of criticism,

upon this point, may be considered as abolished by the example of the great magician, in the 'unimitated and inimitable' Rebecca.

We have not left ourselves room for any particular remarks upon the residue of Miss Sedgwick's works. Clarence, the last of her larger productions, is the only one which, as far as we have heard, ever reached a second edition in England, where they have all been republished, and where, as well as we can learn by our countrymen, who have had an opportunity of judging, they have been very justly appreciated.

Le Bossu, which has recently appeared, is greatly and justly admired, and fully sustains the reputation of its author. This is the best of her smaller works, and perhaps the most finished of them all. This tale properly belongs to the class of historical romances. The author has taken the liberty in one or two instances, of which she was doubtless well aware, to transpose the order of events. While we leave to others the vindication of rights of criticism upon this point, we must be permitted to express our satisfaction and delight at the fidelity with which she has transferred to her pages the true impress and spirit of the times of Charlemagne. This tale is equally remarkable for its finished portraiture of individual character, for the dramatis personæ, for the skill and contrivance of the incidents, for the grace of its decorations, and for its constant and spirit-stirring action.

If we might be permitted to advise her upon the subject of literary partnerships, like that of Glauber Spa, we would counsel her never to engage in another. Not that we have any objections to this association in particular—but we prefer Miss Sedgwick by herself. And moreover, we think such associations dangerous for a lady. Not that she would be in any sense responsible for any latitudinarianism, either in morals or taste, which such a work might contain—but nevertheless, in case of such delinquency, she would be associated with it, in the public mind, to a certain extent.—While we are talking of this beautiful tale, we may be permitted to say that a collection of Miss Sedgwick's contributions to the *Souvenirs*, would form two delightful, and we doubt not popular volumes.

But we have left ourselves little room to speak of the general character of Miss Sedgwick's writings, or of the place which they occupy in American literature. A discussion of this last topic may be well spared in this notice, but we would not entirely pass by the first, because we regard these writings as affording, in an eminent degree, an index of the heart, as well as of the mind, of the writer.

It is evident that Miss Sedgwick's mind inclines towards cheerful views of life. There seems to be implanted in her heart a love of goodness, and of the beautiful, which turns as naturally towards serenity and joy, as flowers lean towards the sun. It is manifest that though possessing great refinement herself, her sympathies are not confined to a coterie or a class, but that they are called forth by every manifestation of virtue, even in the most humble circumstances, and that she looks with kind regard upon those gleams of a better nature which occasionally break forth amid prevailing clouds and darkness.

She affects no indifference to the accidental advantages of condition. It would be impossible to diminish her interest in the powers and fascinations of genius and imagination, and she thinks it no duty to attempt it. But her highest favor and affection are reserved for that enduring virtue, which is perfected through much trial and tribulation, and which needs no earthly witness, or outward reward. She delights to see the 'signet of hope upon the brow of infancy;' but she remembers with more satisfaction the last smile of unflinching faith and love, which even death itself spares for a season.

It is impossible to speak of her works without a particular regard to their moral and religious character. We know no writer of the class to which she belongs, who has done more to inculcate just religious sentiments. They are never obtruded, nor are they ever suppressed. It is not the religion of observances, nor of professions, nor of articles of faith, but of the heart and life. It always comes forth, not as something said or done from a sense of necessity or duty, but as part of the character and inseparable from its strength, as well as from its grace and beauty. It is a union of that which works by love, with that charity which never faileth.

There is another characteristic of Miss Sedgwick's writings which should not be overlooked. We allude to their great good sense, and practical discretion, the notableness which they evince, and recommend. This is so true, that we recollect having heard a zealous utilitarian declare, after reading one of her works, that political economy might be taught to the greatest advantage through the medium of romances.

We cannot omit a passing remark on Miss Sedgwick's style. We have often thought, that in the hands of a master, the subject of style would afford an admirable opportunity for establishing a new school of philosophy. It is very certain that style affords a truer index of the mind, than the theory of physiognomy, even in the hands of the philosophical Lavater; or that of craniology, in those of Gall and Spurzheim. He who shall set

up for the leader of a sect upon this subject, must be able to furnish us with an experimentum crucis, by which we can separate what is adventitious from what is natural; that which is derived from fashion and imitation, however unconsciously, from that embodying of the thoughts, which is, perhaps, not less characteristic than themselves.

Whatever our readers may think of the depths of this philosophy, we are sure that they will agree with us, that there is a peculiar grace, fitness, and beauty in Miss Sedgwick's style: it is entirely devoid of mannerism, and we like it a thousand times better on that account. The rich, grave, drapery of her thoughts is negligee, gay, rich, grave or solemn, as becomes them. There in one particular in which we especially admire her costume: there is no variety of it which ever exhibits a single blue thread, in a certain quarter where that color is but too apt to attract attention. She always leads us to regard her rather as an accomplished lady than as a brilliant author. Her style is never marked by pedantry, and is equally free from stiffness and negligence—it is more distinguished by delicacy and grace than strength. The purity of her English may afford a model to some of our learned scholars; and with that of Miss Edgeworth it furnishes for their consideration the very interesting problem how far a knowledge of the learned languages is essential to an English writer in the use of his vernacular tongue.

Our limits will not permit us to speak of Miss Sedgwick's powers of invention, and imagination, nor of her great truth and skill in the delineation of character. We cannot, however, wholly omit to notice that power, which speaks from heart to heart. In matters of taste, we may adopt the opinions of others, but we must feel for ourselves. On this subject we know not what may be the experience of others, but for ourselves, we hardly know more beautiful specimens of the pathetic, than are to be found in the works of Miss Sedgwick. It takes you by surprise, and finds its way, before you are aware of it, to the fountain of tears, like the heart-broken voice of a child. She never attempts to convulse our hearts with hopeless and unprofitable agonies—and if there be any thing painful in the emotions which she calls forth, it is more than compensated by the healing influence which they possess—the kindly sympathies they elicit, or the sense of justice which they satisfy—and this, we think, is the limit beyond which fictitious misery should never pass.—*Nat. Por. Gal.*

TRUTH.—Truth is a good dog; but beware of barking too close at the heels of error, lest you get your brains kicked out.

MISCELLANY.

A Brother's Love.

THERE is something transcendently virtuous in the affection of a high hearted brother towards his gentle and amiable sister. He can feel unbounded admiration for her beauty—he can appreciate and applaud the kindness which she bestows upon himself—he can press her bright lips and her fair forehead, and still feel that she is unpolluted—he can watch the blush steal over her features when he tells her of her innocent follies, and he can clasp her to his bosom in consolation when the tears gush from her overloaded heart. With woman there is a feeling of pride mingled with the regard which she has for her brother. She looks upon him as one fitted to brave the tempests of the world, as one to whose arm of protection she can fly for shelter when she is stricken by sorrow, wronged or oppressed; as one whose honor is connected with her own, and who durst not see her insulted with impunity. He is to her as the oak is to the vine, and though she may fear all others of mankind she is secure and confident in the love and countenance of her brother. Nothing affords man such satisfaction, and nothing entwines a sister so affectionately among his sympathies and his interests, as a profound reliance upon her virtue, and strong conviction of her diffidence and delicacy. As these two latter qualities are far the most delicious qualities of a beautiful female, so are they the strongest spells for enticing away the affections of the other sex. A female without delicacy is a woman without principle; and as innate and shrinking perception of virtue is a true characteristic of a pure hearted creature, so it is the most infallible bond of union between hearts that truly beat in response to each other. There is more tenderness in the disposition of woman than man; but the affection of a brother is full of the purest and most generous impulses; it cannot be quenched by aught but indelicacy and unworthiness, and it will outlive a thousand selfish and sordid attachments.—A deep rooted regard for a gentle creature born of the same parents with ourselves is certainly one of the noblest feelings of our nature, and were every other feeling of human nature dead save this, there would still a bright hope remain that the fountain of virtue and principle was not yet sealed.

A Heroine.

THE Baltimore Republican relates an instance of female devotion and heroism that would have reflected honor on the sternest Roman matron. While the infuriated populace was in its highest state of excitement it visited the house of Dr. Hintze, in Gay-street,

for the purpose of razing it to the ground. The Doctor had rendered himself obnoxious to the rioters by his active efforts to protect the property of his fellow-citizens, and was compelled to fly. But when the crowd appeared, his wife, who was alone in the house, addressed them, and asked if under such circumstances they would attack it. They told her to leave the house for they were determined to destroy it. She replied, she would not leave it, and if they were resolved to destroy it, *she would stay and perish in the ruins!* Struck by her courage and devotion the crowd retired and the house was uninjured. Had the same spirit animated a few of the citizens, especially the Mayor and the police. Baltimore would have been saved from the horrible scenes which will long paralyze her energies and stain her character.—*Frederick Herald.*

A Test.

A jolly Friar, who was to read a homily to a congregation on a certain occasion, was, while waiting for the time for him to officiate, playing cards in an apartment adjoining the church. He stationed a lad at the door to give him notice when he was wanted; but the moment he was called, he had just 'dealt'—his own hand was an excellent one, and determined not to lose it, he agreed with his comrades, that each should keep his cards and continue the game after service. Clapping the cards up the sleeve of his surplice, he walked into the desk, holding the end of his sleeve with his fingers.

His subject was the remissness of parents in the moral instruction of their children. As he proceeded in his discourse, he waxed violent in his gestures and motions—till forgetting the deposit in his sleeve, he struck the palms of his open hands together, and out flew the little tell-tales, to the amazement of the congregation. All were disconcerted but the friar. Leaning over the desk, he called to a little urchin of five or six, 'Boy, pick up one of those cards!' This done, the priest demanded of the lad, 'Now tell me what it is.' 'It's the ten of spades,' said the boy. 'Behold here, parents,' said the priest, 'a proof of what I have told you. I scattered these among you to convince the congregation that this child understood cards better than his prayers!'—*Ohio Watchman.*

From Hall's Border Tales.

Beautiful Extract.

Oh! how many ties there are to bind the soul to earth! When the strongest are cut asunder, and the spirit feels itself cast loose from every bond which connects it with mortality, how imperceptibly does one little tendril after another become entwined about it, and draw it back with gentle violence!—He who thinks he has but one love is always

mistaken. The heart may have one overmastering affection, more powerful than all the rest, which, like the main root of the tree, is that which supports it; but if that be cut away, it will find a thousand minute fibres clinging to the soil of humanity. An absorbing passion may fill up the soul, and while it lasts, may throw a shade over the various obligations and the infinite multitude of little kindnesses, and tender associations, that bind us to mankind; but when that fades, these are seen to twinkle in the firmament of life as the stars shine, after the sun has gone down. Even the brute, and the lilies of the field, that neither toil nor spin, put in their silent claims; and the heart that would have spurned the world, settles quietly down again upon its bosom.

Brain Hunting.

HERMAN GOLTZ passed many years in anatomical examination of that delicate viscus, the dead brain, endeavoring to discover coincidence between its marvelous structure and its important uses. To this end, the whole concentrated force of his acute intellect was directed. Sometimes he thought he had ascertained the source of the reasoning faculty, and the seat in which the passions are generated; but these gleams of success were transient, and were succeeded by total obscurity. At one period he conceived that he had actually drawn aside the curtain, and beheld the mysterious processes that are performed in the occult laboratory of nature; but he confessed himself deceived, and afterwards cordially acknowledged that the curtain itself was a mere delusion. Exhausted by these sudden alternations of hope and disappointment, the fabric of his own understanding gave way, and in a moment of despair, he hanged himself in his dissecting room. Before he accomplished his last resolve, he wrote on a slip of paper these impressive words;—'For more than *twenty tedious years* I have pursued a *phantom*, an *ignis fatuus*, that has decoyed me into ruin and misery. Confining myself in a charnel-house, I have been estranged from nature's fair and inviting prospects; I have cultivated no man's friendship, nor sought for the affection of woman. I have indeed read of the charms of society—the exhilarations of social life; the delight of a domestic partner, and the blessedness of children; but I have been a solitary student; water has been my only beverage; no female can reproach me with professions, nor can a child curse me for existence. To live longer is useless; the past has been misemployed; the present is intolerable, and I will anticipate the future.'

A CHEERFUL spirit makes labor light and sleep sweet, and all around happy, all which is much better than being rich only.

The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1835.

THEOLOGICAL DISCUSSION.—A neat little volume has recently been published by P. Price, New-York, entitled 'A Discussion of the conjoint question; Is the doctrine of endless punishment taught in the Bible? Or does the Bible teach the doctrine of the final holiness and happiness of all mankind?' Theological discussions, as generally conducted, are calculated not only to lower the combatants in the public estimation, but to bring reproach and contumely on the religion of Jesus; but when as in the present case, a controversy is carried on in the spirit of moderation and humility, and that due regard to the feelings of each other befitting the character of Christian ministers, we would cordially commend it to the attention of our readers, as worthy of their candid and serious perusal. Two questions more momentous than the present, it will be conceded by all, can never be proposed, and two champions more able to lay before the public the different constructions and applications put by their respective sects, upon the same passages of Scripture, than Rev. Dr. Ely, pastor of the third Presbyterian church, Philadelphia, and Rev. Abel Thomas, pastor of the first Universalist church, in the same place, we believe could not readily be found. The reader of this little work cannot fail to reap both pleasure and profit from the Christian charity and deep research displayed therein by the disputants.

The above work may be had at A. Stoddard's Bookstore, Price 62½ cents.

MISS SEDGWICK.—This popular and interesting writer, a brief sketch of whose life and writings we have selected for the gratification of our readers, has recently added another to the list of the charming productions of her pen. It is entitled 'The Linwoods, or sixty years since in America,' is said to be full of spirit-stirring incidents and will no doubt increase the literary reputation of the fair authoress.

NEW AGENT.—J. H. Sanborn, Plattsburgh, Clinton Co. N. Y. is authorised to act as Agent, for this Paper.

Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

S. O. Cayuga, N. Y. \$1.00; G. P. Nineveh, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Gaines, N. Y. \$3.00; J. W. S. Buffalo, N. Y. \$2.00; M. C. Amherst, Ms. \$1.00; L. G. Utica, N. Y. \$1.00; A. F. M. Gretna Green, N. C. \$0.75; N. D. New-York. \$1.00; J. I. M. Claverack, N. Y. \$1.00; C. S. Harwinton, Ct. \$1.00; W. J. D. Hinesburgh, Vt. \$1.00; W. L. B. Livonia, N. Y. \$1.00; L. S. L. Cazenovia, N. Y. \$1.00.

MARRIED.

In this city, on Thursday the 1st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Whitaker, Mr. Ferdinand B. Little to Miss Mary E. Hansen. At the same time, by the same Rev. gentleman, Mr. David Van Sicklen to Miss Jane E. Tobey.

On Sunday evening the 4th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Whitaker, Mr. Abijah C. Stevens of Charlestown, to Miss Sarah F. Smith, daughter of the late Mr. Francis Smith of New-Bedford.

In the village of Kinderhook, on the 29th ult. by Dr. J. Sickles, Dr. Daniel Sargent, to Miss Catharine Christina, eldest daughter of Mr. Tennis Harder, all of that village.

At Athens, on Monday the 4th inst. by the Rev. J. Wilson, Mr. William Brown of Albany, to Miss Caroline P. daughter of Elijah Spencer, Esq. of the former place.

At Albany, on Wednesday the 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Edward Holmes, Mr. Walter H. Noble, to Miss Margaret A. Reynolds, adopted daughter of Mr. John W. Netterville, all of that city.

At New-York, on the 30th ult. in St. Luke's church by the Rev. John M. Forbes, Henry A. Ten Broeck, merchant, to Delia Maria, daughter of Geo. G. Coffin, Esq. formerly of this city.

DIED.

At Athens, on the 2d inst. Miss Sarah Sales, in the 15th year of her age.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

Rural Life.

How blest the humble cottor's fate!—Burns.

How quietly the rustic hind
Within the rural vale resides,
His bark, assailed by no rough wind,
Along life's current gently glides.

The clamors loud of rattling cars,
The raging din of noisy strife,
And all the fierce, tumultuous jars
So pregnant in the city life,

He never hears; for all his days
In quietude are sweetly spent;
While round him ever reign mild peace,
Sweet harmony, and calm content.

With pleasure to his rustic toil,
At early dawn, he daily goes,
To cultivate the 'laughing soil,'
While health upon his visage glows.

Oh enviable, happy lot!
There in the peaceful vale retired,
He's favored with an humble cot,
And every thing to be desired.

No rankling cares his mind molest
No longings after empty fame.
Ambition ne'er disturbs his breast,
Nor wishes he for sordid gain.—

His only wish is well to spend
The few short days unto him given,
And that at last, he may ascend,
And safely moor his bark in Heaven.—

Dracut, Sept. 12th, 1835. RURAL BARD.

At the present time, when the last hours of summer are numbered with by-gone years, one cannot fail to be impressed with the beauty and truth in the following lines from Mrs. HEMANS:

The Parting of Summer.

Thou'rt bearing hence thy roses,
Glad Summer, fare thee well!
Thou'rt singing thy last melodies
In every wood and dell.

But in the golden sunset
Of the latest lingering day,
Oh! tell me, o'er this chequered earth,
How hast thou pass'd away!

Brightly, sweet Summer! brightly
Thine hours are floated by,
To the joyous birds of the woodland boughs,
The rangers of the sky.

And brightly in the forests,
To the wild deer wandering free;
And brightly 'midst the garden flowers,
Is the happy murmuring bee.

But how to human bosoms,
With all their hopes and fears,
And thoughts that make them eagle-wings,
To pierce the unborn years?

Sweet Summer! to the captive
Thou has flown in burning dreams,
Of the woods, with all their whispering leaves,
And the blue rejoicing streams.—

To the wasted and the weary
On the bed of sickness bound,
In swift, delicious fantasies,
That changed with every sound.—

To the sailor on the billows,
In longings wild and vain,
For the gushing founts and breezy hills
And the homes of earth again!

And unto me, glad Summer!
How hast thou flown to me?
My chainless footstep nought hath kept
From thy haunts of song and glee.

Thou hast flown in wayward visions,
In memories of the dead—
In shadows, from a troubled heart,
O'er thy sunny pathway shed.

In brief and sudden strivings,
To fling a weight aside—
'Midst these thy melodies have ceased,
And all thy roses died.

But oh! thou gentle Summer!
If I greet thy flowers once more,
Bring me again thy buoyancy
Wherewith my soul should soar.

Give me to hail thy sunshine,
With a song and spirit free;
Or in a purer air than this
May that next meeting be!

Cœur de Lion at the Bier of his Father.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

THE body of Henry the Second lay in state in the Abbey church of Fontevraud where it was visited by Richard Cœur de Lion, who on beholding it, was struck with horror and remorse, and bitterly reproached himself for that rebellious conduct which had been the means of bringing his father to an untimely grave.

Torches were blazing clear, hymns pealing deep and slow,
Where a king lay stateliest on his bier, in the church of Fontevraud,
Banners of battle o'er him rung, and warriors slept beneath,
And light, as noon's broad light, was flung on the settled face of death.

On the settled face of death a strong and ruddy glare,
Though dimmed at times by the censor's breath, yet it fell still brightest there:
As if each deeply furrowed trace of earthly years to show—
Alas! that accepted mortal's race had surely closed in woe.

The marble floor was swept by many a long dark stole,
As the kneeling priests round him that slept, sang mass for the departed soul;
And solemn were the strains they poured through the stillness of the night,
With the cross above, and the crown and sword, and the silent king in sight.

There was heard a heavy clang, as of steel girt men the tread,
And the tombs and the hollow pavement rang with a sounding thrill of dread;
And the holy chaunt was hushed awhile, as by the torches flame,
A gleam of arms, up the sweeping aisle, with a mail-clad leader came.

He came with a haughty look and eagle glance and clear,
But his proud heart through his breast-plate shook, when he stood beside the bier!
He stood there still with a drooping brow, and clasp'd hands o'er it raised;—
For his father lay before him low, it was Cœur de Lion gazed!

And silently he strove with the workings of his heart,
—But there's more in late repentant love than steel may keep suppress'd!

And his tears break forth at last, like rain—men held their breath in awe.
For his face was seen by his warrior train, and he reck'd not that they saw.

He looked upon the dead, and sorrow seemed to lie,
A weight of sorrow, e'en like lead, pale on the fast shut eye.
He stooped—and kissed the frozen cheek, and the heavy hand of clay,
Till bursting words—yet all too weak—gave his soul's passion way.

'Oh father! is it vain, this late remorse and deep?
Speak to me, father, once again! I weep—behold I weep!
Alas! my guilty pride and ire! were but this work undone,
I would give England's crown, my sire, to hear thee bless thy son!

'Speak to me! mighty grief ere now the dust hath stirred!
Hear me, but hear me! father, chief, my king! I must be heard.

Hushed, hushed—how is it that I call and that thou answerest not?
When was it thus?—woe, woe, for all the love my soul forgot!

'Thy silver hairs I see so still, so sadly bright?
And father, father! but for me, they had not been so white!
I bore thee down, high heart! at last, no longer couldst thou strive,
Oh! for one moment of the past, to kneel and say—
'forgive!'

'Thou wert the noblest king, on royal throne e'er seen;
And thou didst wear in knightly ring, of all the stateliest mien;
And thou didst prove, where spears are proved, in war the bravest heart—
Oh! ever the renowned and loved thou wert—and there thou art!

'Thou that my boyhood's guide didst take fond joy to be,
The times I've sported at thy side, and climbed thy parent knee!
And there before the blessed shrine, my sire! I see thee lie—
How will that sad still face of thine look on me till I die!'

From the Lady's Book.

The Land of our Birth.

THERE is not a spot on this wide-peopled earth,
So dear to the heart as the land of our birth,
'Tis the home of our childhood—the beautiful spot,
Which memory retains when all else is forgot.
May the blessings of God ever hallow the sod,
And its valleys and hills by our children be trod.

Can the language of strangers, in accents unknown
Send a thrill to our bosom like that of our own!
The face may be fair, and the smile may be bland,
But it breathes not the tones of our own native land!
There is no spot on earth like the land of our birth,
Where heroes keep guard o'er the altar and hearth!

How sweet is the language which taught us to blend
The dear names of parent, of husband, and friend!
Which taught us to hush on our mother's soft breast,
The ballads she sung as she rocked us to rest.
May the blessings of God ever hallow the sod,
And its valleys and hills by our children be trod!

WANTED

At this Office, a Boy from 12 to 14 years of age, to work by the week.

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